THE NEW YORK DRAMA.

THREE PLAYS WHICH HAVE BEEN RECENTLY TRIED THERE.

"A Gilded Fool" and "The Councilor's Wife" Both Pleased Critical Audiences, While "A Test Case" Was Slow.

Henry Guy Carleton and Nat C. Goodwin are warm friends. Each knows and appreciates the strong points of the other. What more natural, then, than that the former should write a play for the latter, and that this dramatic composition should fit like a glove?

NAT C. GOODWIN.

"A Gilded Fool," which was recently produced in New York at the Fifth Avenue theater, affords Mr. Goodwin greater opportunity for the display of his dramatic versatility and his whimsical comicalities than any play he has used since he became a star, but as Mr. Goodwin has been recognized for many years as one of the best actors in his line in the United States more interest attaches to the play, especially as a great many persons—myself included—expect Mr. Carleton to take his place some day at the head of the dramatic authors of the western hemisphere.

Just think of the wonderful range of ability of the man who wrote "Memnon," "The Lion's Mouth," "Victor Durand," "Ye Earlie Trouble" and "A Gilded Fool!"

What a sweep!

From the heaviest tragedy down through the entire gamut to the lightest form of comedy, which would even verge on farce were it not for the wholesome and never mawkish sentiment which pervades the piece! The man who can do work of such widely varying degrees of seriousness must be a genius. But a genius seldom accomplishes anything of lasting merit, for the reason that he is ordinarily incapable of protracted effort, and the brilliancy of his mind so blinds him to the everyday requirements of his calling that he is apt to rush headlong through his work, leaving rough corners which expose him to criticism and seriously mar what would otherwise be a perfect picture.

Mr. Carleton is not careless—at least no slipshod work appears in "A Gilded Fool." Its lights and shadows are delightfully drawn. Mr. Carleton is a chiaroscurist. He is virile. His brush leaves a very dark or a very faint mark. He uses only black and white, and never has recourse to the neutral tints which so often serve to conceal the inherent weakness of plot or development of idea of many a crafty playwright whose work finds a more ready market than Mr. Carleton's.

"Ye Earlie Trouble" I did not like. It was good enough in its way, but it was unworthy of the great mind which conceived it and brought it into existence. "A Gilded Fool" I do like. In fact it charmed me. Its strong, forceful touches captivated me. The bright, quaint conceits with which it abounded compelled my unstinted applause, but the conclusion was inevitable that the main ideas of "A Gilded Fool" are in no sense original.

The sanctimonious "Rev." Jacob Howell, who turns out to be a Scotland Yard man, is a strongly marked character, but it is impossible to fail to recognize in him our old friend the detective in "Jim the Penman." In detail even the two are in some respects similar. The gilded fool himself is at once discovered to be Bertie, the lamb in Bronson Howard's "Henrietta." Here the similarity is positively startling. I do not wish to be understood as being of the opinion that Mr. Carleton is a plagiarist. I candidly believe that his mind absorbs impressions so rapidly that he does not stop to think when writing a play that the characters which he is creating may be the illegitimate children of his observation and his brain. There is another flaw in "A Gilded Fool." De Puyster Ruthven, a dudish sort of half way sport and thorough going borrower entirely devoid of principle and everything else, is a senseless, stupid, "unfunny" and—worse than all—useless character. He is like a big ink daub on a beautiful piece of engrossing, and should be erased at once.

LIZZIE HUDSON COLLIER.

Despite these defects, however, which are accidental, I think, a "A Gilded Fool" proves conclusively that Mr. Carleton, if he is not already, is destined to become one of the most deft of our dramatic writers. His touch is always exquisite, and his humor is fresh as well as quaint. His future certainly promises great things.

Of the company little need be said except that it is thoroughly competent. Nat Goodwin's acting is a type. Miss Lizzie Hudson Collier seemed to lack subtlety in some of the scenes and failed at times to thoroughly exemplify the delicacy of the author's lines; but on the whole her work was satisfactory. Her shortcomings on the first night may have been due to nervousness or lack of familiarity with the part, for she is a competent actress of great experience. She is also a very beautiful woman of magnificent physique.

Mr. Augustin Daly does not seem to have succeeded in striking the bullseye of popular fancy at his beautiful New York theater this season. He started out with "Little Miss Million." That was so much of a failure as to come under the designation "fizzle." Then he revived "Dollars and Sense," but that did not seem to prove a particularly potent magnet, and it was very sensibly withdrawn to make way for "A Test Case," the first performance of which I attended the other night. I am confident that this play is destined to have a particularly brief and decidedly non-brilliant career. Mr. Daly probably is of the same opinion, as he announces that he has in preparation "an original comedy by an American writer entitled 'Jarman's Own.'" Besides this he promises a series of old comedy revivals, beginning in December. Mr. Daly's patrons—blind, confiding and almost idolatrous as they are—are still unable to stand such "comedies" (that's what they are designated on the bills) as "Little Miss Million" and "A Test Case."

Mr. Daly has a magnificent stock company, and perhaps he makes the mistake of thinking that this, in conjunction with the prestige of his name and theater, is enough to carry any play, no matter how bad, to the goal of comparative success at worst. But it is a mistake. New Yorkers are tiring of these very poor adaptations of German farces, which are Americanized into comedies by a dictum on the play bill.

"A Test Case" is no more a comedy than is "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" or any other of the numerous Bissou skits which Mr. Charles Frohman has been exploiting this season. And yet it cannot now be called a farce, because farces are funny, and "A Test Case" is anything but that.

However, "A Test Case" afforded an excellent opportunity to intelligently pass upon the question of whether Mr. Daly's company sustained a great loss when John Drew left and was succeeded by Arthur Bourchier. There can be but one opinion on this point. There is no one in the company who even fairly well does the work that would have been assigned to Drew had he remained with Daly. Mr. Bourchier has a scene all by himself in "A Test Case," and candor compels me to admit that he did it very badly. His awkwardness and tendency to repeat "business" which had brought a laugh the first time he tried it, was positively painful. John Drew—yes, or even Sidney Drew—would have made that "bit" stand out like an old mine diamond from a jet setting. Mr. Bourchier is unable to simulate protracted mock despair successfully. However, in the light of his recent work, I expect that he will be seen at his best as Clifford in "The Hunchback," which Mr. Daly will try for the first time at his theater next month, with Miss Ada Rehan as Julia.

I saw "The Councilor's Wife," which was produced by Charles Frohman's stock company at a special matinee at the New York Madison Square theater the other day. It is a comedy in three acts by Je-

JEROME K. JEROME.

rome K. Jerome and Eden Phillpots, both Englishmen. If Mr. Daly had this play he could keep it on at his theater during the greater part of the season, for while it teaches no great moral lesson its dialogue is bright and crisp, and there is not a dull or unnecessary line in the play. Any one who has read Mr. Jerome's "Stageland" will be struck with the fact that he is guilty of many of the very things which he satirizes so cleverly. But it is only natural that these things should be as they are, and the fault lies not with Mr. Jerome's play, but with the supercaptiousness of his book.

"The Councilor's Wife" is really a very light comedy, which develops its fun while following an interesting though decidedly ephemeral plot to a satisfactory conclusion. It deals with the adventures of a rascally old bigamous hypocrite, who swindles a struggling medical student and his sister out of their little all. His detection is brought about through an escapade of his with a female Hercules, who promptly threw him off the stage when he attempted to take libertics with her. The little episode found its way into a pink tinted police paper, and justice and virtue triumphed finally to a limited extent.

Some beautiful side lights were thrown upon the main story by the love affairs of the poor but proud young student and a susceptible young heiress, and an artist equally poor who wishes to marry the sister of the aforementioned student. A rich and good natured old fellow whom the girl has promised to marry to save her brother (and herself) from continued poverty learns accidentally how much of a fool he is about to make of himself, and promptly proceeds to go it one better by giving up his love. There is a young man who has made a hit as a novelist, and who goes about with a notebook in his hand seeking whom he may devour as subjects for a new book.

Of course no such character as this novelist ever lived, and males good enough to step quietly down and out and leave a pretty girl to a rival seldom attain manhood, but the characters are so beautifully, humorously and inoffensively drawn that one is apt to forget for the time being that they are ridiculous impossibilities. The art of the dramatist overshadows all else.

James O. Barrows' characterization of the old swindler and bigamist was the most perfect piece of work that I have seen on the stage in many a day. The part is not a particularly "fat" one, and the actor who essays it must be on guard constantly against overdoing, but at the same time he must take advantage of every opportunity to prevent it from falling into worse than mediocrity.

Mr. Barrows caught the spirit of the venerable scamp to a nicety, and in consequence made the hit of the piece, although Odette Tyler, as an easy going "ex-professional" who is in constant fear of "going to the good," is entitled to great praise. The cast was a particularly good one, and when "The Councilor's Wife" is put on regularly in New York I am satisfied that it will enjoy a long run.

OCTAVUS COHEN.

A Harlem Boy's Composition.

Wunst ther was a precher and he got onto a ship and he saled and saled and bime by he come near a iland and when he come near the iland a big storm come up and it blode and blode and the precher and all the people on the ship thought they was goin to git drownded and a little bird got blowed of the iland and tride to get onto the ship but every time he tride to get onto the ship the ship leaned over the other way and the little bird got left but he didn't set down in the water and cry, no, sir, he just kept peggin away and bime by he lit down onto a sale and a saler went up and got the little bird out of the sale and giv him some bread and water and bime by when the storm blode away the sun come out and the ship come to land and the precher and all the peepel was glad and the bird flud away.

Moral—If you don't git what you want first best you keep peggin and youl git it bime by.—New York Mercury.

He Wanted Environment.

The reporter had just come in from an assignment in a murder case. It was a rainy day and he had to cross a plowed field on foot.

"I see," observed the city editor, looking with some displeasure at his large and muddy boots, "you have brought the scene of the murder with you."—Boston Globe.

AFTER COLUMBUS, WHO?

PLEA OF A NORTHERN WRITER FOR A MONUMENT TO M. F. MAURY,

One of the Greatest Men Which America Has Ever Produced—The Vast Benefits He Conferred Upon Navigation.

There is one point wherein the stonecutter differs from the sculptor, wherein the painter may not be an artist, nor the navigator necessarily a discoverer. When man was created in the image of his God, that upon which is found the most visible imprint of that image is the creative power; to follow the sun as it sank into the western sea until it shone upon new lands was possible to any sailor, but in the creation of the New World, or if it better please, the new route to the Old World, there was the stamp of genius, the creative genius, which distinguished Columbus from those of his day lacking originality of conception.

In all that appertains to the ocean progress from 1492 to the present day has been excessively slow. Within my own experience in nautical affairs it has been discovered that by dividing the largest sail on the mast of a square-rigged vessel into two equal parts, there would be little loss of propelling power, and much gain in convenience. Dana's manual of seamanship, printed thirty-five years ago, chronicles the introduction (as the newest and latest style) of iron bands around yard arms, rather than the continuance of that clumsiness in fitting rigging wherein to that epoch we had imitated the fashion of the day and date of Columbus.

Using these petty details of a seaman's life as illustrations, when we come to the point in which a discoverer is more than a sailor, we find absolutely but one name worthy of mention in the same breath as that which applauds the genius of Columbus. That name is Matthew Fontaine Maury. No less a scholar than Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, late our chief librarian, remarked to me with that calmness which distinguishes from impulse a judicial opinion:

"I do not suppose there is the least doubt that Maury was the greatest man America has ever produced."

Such judgment does not ignore the discoveries of all our eminent men, each remarkable in the field of science to which his studies were devoted, but just as Columbus stands by himself, a creative genius in the midst of many others—these latter, perhaps, having given to the world good works as abiding as his—so with all that has been done for America by workers in steam, in telegraphy, in electrical science, there stands over and above them all the creative genius of Maury.

Enter any library and discover if you can what was known of the trade winds, the monsoons, the Gulf Stream, the prevailing winds, the currents and the general circulation of the ocean, all the essentials for navigating the globe, before the day of Maury. How much information can you gain? Could you by miracle be put into possession of what was known before his day, ignoring that for which we are in debt to him now? Comparatively nothing. There is not a book of sailing directions published in any of the languages of civilization but what is dependent upon Maury for its facts and its principles. The list of decorations, medals, diplomas of scientific bodies conferred upon him by every foreign government, in recognition of this fact, is unequaled in the world's history; space forbids its enumeration here. Of more moment to us at this time is the consideration of the question, "How have Americans recognized their greatest genius?"

First, by the adoption through the length and breadth of our land of his plans for the establishment of a weather bureau, now in such successful operation as to fulfil the predictions of its originator, who thus wrote in 1858, delivering at his own expense a series of lectures in support of his position:

"That certain of the observations be reported daily to a central office by telegraph, to warn you from observations made to-day as to the weather you may expect to-morrow; by means of the electric telegraph the meteorologist may become well-nigh omnipresent; it may tell of the barometric changes at distant points and foretell the coming storm; then the Associated Press may become another agent; it can take up and bear the news to the bulletin boards, and thus all will know of the coming storm, while it is yet thousands of miles away."

Again, by the very general use of submarine cables. One of the pioneers in this enterprise, Cyrus W. Field, has just crossed the unknown sea; at the dinner in New York to fittingly celebrate the successful issue of the theories of Maury, this gentleman recognized his genius with the memorable declaration, "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, I did the work."

Further, I glance at the list of transatlantic packets, carrying millions of tourists over the seas, and find that his name is still honored by the statement that "the steamships of this line will take Maury's steam-lanes, thus insuring the safety and comfort of the passengers," and I remember that when he projected these he received $5,000 and a service of plate from the merchants and underwriters of New York.

But has the Government of the United States ever acknowledged its indebtedness to this, its most distinguished son? Oh, yes; for by the reports of our Secretary of the Navy for the seven years from 1850-'56, inclusive, each impresses this truth on the people, as follows:

"These wind and current charts have completely revolutionized commerce, and have not only saved millions of dollars to those who go down to the sea in ships, but have added glory and honor to his (Maury's) country."

Then follows a careful mathematical calculation confirming the statements of our national bulletin.

The United States further rewarded Maury by giving him his pay as a commander in its navy!

The object of this article is not the consideration of the life work of Maury; but as the whole world received a benefit from the discovery of Columbus, while his name does not honor the continent of the Western sun, so the American people to-day—richer, happier, infinitely better informed by sea and by land for the life-work of Maury—have no spot where the tourist by land or the mariner by sea can look upon the least public recognition of that which he did, not only for his own country, but for the world and for unborn generations.

From the days of our childish studies to this four hundredth anniversary, we have gazed with indignation on the pictures of Columbus, holding up his chained hands, smarting under a sense of the wrong and ingratitude done him by the rulers of the Spanish nation he immortalized. How willing have we been to direct backward our telescopes to find the mote in the eye of our Castilian neighbor! How resolutely have we adjusted the beam with intent to blind our own eyes!

But Maury made the mistake of consistent adherence to a principle nowhere more faithfully believed than in Virginia, even to this day; namely, the doctrine of the supreme claim of the State to the loyalty of its citizen? He did. Have not other great men been in error on public questions? It is just possible that the public and private life of Christopher Columbus might not receive the unqualified approval of those who are now shouting and singing his praises. As Englishmen living under our own self-government, must we discover on which side in the Wars of the Roses, the contests between royalty and the people, Home Rule for Ireland, or Scotch repulse of ecclesiasticism, any historical character stood, before we may honor the public and private character of a worthy of the past?

There have been two attempts made to right this national wrong. One was a bill for the erection of a statue to be placed in some part of Washington, D. C., commemorative of Maury's work while an officer of the United States Navy and in charge of the National Observatory. I had the honor of drawing the bill, which was introduced by Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, and General Coggswoll, of Massachusetts, both men whose loyalty will not be questioned. The second took the form of a proposition to erect a lighthouse on the "Rip-Raps," a point well known to mariners approaching the coast of Virginia, the beacon to be in reality a monument to the memory of one of the most enthusiastic sailors, the most pious souls, the greatest discoverers ever born on this continent. If these have failed for lack of interest or from prejudice, let the memory of the discoverer of 1492 inspire us in 1892 to honor that of the one by whose genius untold benefits have been conferred upon us and upon all succeeding generations.—Julius A. Palmer, Jr., in New York World.

BASE-BALLS BY THE MILLION

Made by Girls Out of Rubber, Yarn and Horsehide.

"How many base-balls are used up in the United States in a year?"

"How do you expect me to answer a question like that?" said the base-ball manager to a Washington Star reporter. "Somewhere up in the hundreds of thousands I should judge. Nearly all of them are made in Philadelphia and Natick, Mass. Two great concerns in those cities turn them out and other firms buy them from them, printing their own trade marks on the covers. All the league clubs get their balls for nothing, the advertisement they give to a brand by using it, being considered an equivalent. This is an important item, inasmuch as half a dozen base-balls are often lost or destroyed in a single game."

"How are base-balls made?"

"They are made by girls. If you will dissect a base-ball you will find that its internal structure is quite elaborate. Around a spherical core of best rubber is carefully wrapped a certain amount of yarn. When the ball has thus grown to about two-thirds of the size it is to be, a leather cover is stitched on with a needle and waxed thread. Then more yarn is wound upon it until it is found to turn the scales at precisely the right point. Finally the outer cover of horsehide is sewed on and the ball after being stamped and again weighed, to make sure that it is just five ounces, is wrapped in tin foil and put into a pasteboard box for shipment."

"There were no such base-balls in old times?"

"No; the base-ball of to-day was not invented until 1875. And, by the way, the inventor never got a cent for his patent. Twenty-years ago a base-ball was made with a core of leather strips one ounce in weight, wrapped with yarn and covered. This was found too lively, and so a little sphere of molded rubber of finest quality was substituted for a core. The trouble with a ball thus made was that it could not be depended upon for any given degree of elasticity.

"No two balls would be just alike in this respect, however carefully they were constructed, and each particular ball varied from day to day, according as the day was dry or damp. The inner cover now employed has the effect of regulating the elasticity of the ball, at the same time keeping it compact and in shape. Cheap base-balls are made of poor yarn and rubber scraps presed into pulp, the lowest grade being composed of nothing more than melted remnants of rubber shoes."

THE GYPSIES.

Recent Researches Concerning a Peculiar People.

Signor Guido Cora, a learned geographer and professor of Turin, has made some very interesting researches into the history of the Gypsies, and his paper on the subject has been read before the Geographical Society of Geneva. He is disposed to agree with those who ascribe a Hindu origin to the race, and considers that they arrived in Europe by two routes, some following the north coast of Africa and crossing into Spain by the Strait of Gibraltar, while others, having reached the Balkan peninsula, spread westwards and northwards. These migrations seem to have taken place between 1400 and 1500, A. D.

The number of the race at the present day has been variously estimated at from 300,000 to 5,000,000; but Signor Cora is disposed to place them at only 2,000,000. In Europe the greater portion are to be found in Roumania, where there are 250,000, while there are 150,000 in Hungary, 135,000 in Turkey, 80,000 in Russia and 40,000 in Spain. In Africa they are to be found in small numbers in many parts in the north and in the Soudan; in America they are chiefly met with in Brazil, and even in Oceania they have their representatives. The race is essentially nomad, even more than the Arab.

Signor Cora considers that the Bohemian dances are much overrated, and that the same may be said of the celebrated dancing girls of Moscow. Gypsies have a surprising knowledge of routes and roads, and possess a code of signs which, marked on trees and walls, indicate the way to those of their race who come after them. Their domestic life is unfettered by civil and religious laws, and marriage is a free union, though the tie is seldom dissolved.

Ravages of White Ants.

A statement by the British vice-consul, Mr. Warburton, at La Rochelle, reminds us of the terrible ravages of the termites, known as "white ants." It appears that many of the public buildings and private houses of La Rochelle are being destroyed by these pests. Introduced from some tropical land about a century ago, the ants had for a long time kept to a particular part of the town, but on the demolition of some of the houses there the old wood was allowed to be carried away, and the insects are now found in every part of La Rochelle. In many buildings it is necessary to introduce iron supports to save them from tumbling into ruins.

Linnaeus spoke of these ants as "the great calamity of both the Indies." Wood is their favorite diet and the only timber safe from them is teak wood (tectonia grandis) and iron wood (Sideroxylum). They tunnel through the vastest beams of buildings in every direction, leaving a thin layer untouched on the outside and even coating the outside with clay to conceal their ravages in the interior.

Humboldt says that in South America it is rare to find papers of any antiquity. In one night everything left exposed, even boots and shoes, disappears. Ships are sometimes reduced to a condition sufficient to account for "foundering at sea" during a voyage. The Albion man-of-war had to be broken up, after reaching England with difficulty by being lashed together. If they settle elesewhere in Europe, as they have done at La Rochelle, a new peril will be added to life and civilization.—Leisure Hour.

THE PENTAGONAL FIELD

WILL NOT SUPERSEDE THE PRESENT BASE-BALL DIAMOND.

Caylor Considers the Idea Impracticable and Gives Reasons for His Opinion.

Tony Mullane's Suit.

THE genius whose brain invented the proposed five sided "diamond" is not thereby entitled to take rank with Edison, Morse, Pullman, Howe and other men whose minds have given to the world the fruits of their fertility. A five cornered baseball diamond is not needed to fill a long felt want, but there are a few men who seem to live for the sole purpose of studying out something which will add to the general interest in the great American game, and they keep at it with all their overheated thinking machinery year in and year out, forgetful of the apparent fact that baseball today has reached the ne plus ultra of perfection in its mechanical construction.

This new inventor is one of that class. He lives somewhere in the south, and he enlisted President Hart, of the Chicago club, as his agent to put the new fangled thing before the already half crazy magnates. Mr. Hart stands ready at all times to advocate any change which will add excitement to the situation. He is like the man who was not only in favor of the civil war, but also of the next one. Mr. Hart would favor any innovation in baseball playing from an octagonal diamond to an aluminium bat.

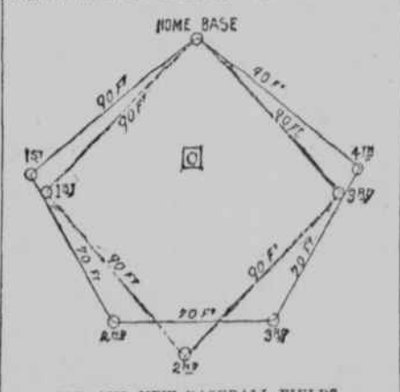
It is not worth much space to discuss the five cornered diamond scheme, because it is not practical and will never be adopted. It will go to join the invention of an electrical contrivance which a few years ago was brought to the magnates' notice. The plan was to connect each base with a bell by electricity, so that the instant a base runner stepped upon the base the bell would ring and so direct the umpire in his rulings. It was not so absurd as this proposed improvement of the baseball diamond.

Only one objection is needed to show its weakness. It would rob the game of that exciting phase of team work which we have at second base, whereby the second baseman and the shortstop are compelled to cover the base itself and at the same time field their positions from twenty to fifty feet distant from the base. The five cornered diamond would place second base about where the second baseman now stands to field a batted ball, and the extra base would be right at the shortstop's feet. I only wonder that this absurdity ever got the small recognition which has been given to it.

Tony Mullane has promised to do himself a service as well as one of great importance to the profession in which he has for years been a star. He will sue the Cincinnati club to recover his salary for the entire season under the contract which the club, without cause, repudiated. Mullane will have no trouble in proving that there was collusion, or, to be plainer yet, conspiracy among the twelve League clubs in the transaction.

The fact that his release was announced and yet not one of the other eleven clubs made him an offer for his services is proof sufficient of the conspiracy; but if he needs more President Young will furnish it when called to the witness stand, for all who know Nick know that he would not bear false witness for all that the twelve League clubs are worth. The courts have already shown a leaning toward the players. They have also given the magnates some severe raps about the lack of equity or comity in their dealings with players. No court has any sympathy with conspiracy. It seems to me that this suit of Mullane's is destined to be of great importance to the business conduct of baseball in the future.

Another relief which Mullane will seek in his suit is an absolute release from the Cincinnati club, which will permit him to sign elsewhere. Though the club pretended to release him last July, they reserved him in October. The latter act



OLD AND NEW BASEBALL FIELDS.

stamped fraud upon the first. If Mullane was not released in July, the club owes him 3½ months' salary. If he was released in July, they, under their own rule, have no right to reserve him for 1893. Mullane would probably prefer an absolute release to that 3½ months' salary, for it would be worth more to him in the end. To an unprejudiced mind it looks as if Tony had the Cincinnati club "a-goin an a-comin."

Recently I had something to say about the inclination of baseball players to be "sporty," and to take expensive chances at gambling in its most seductive forms. I also showed that most of them were invariably unfortunate—the result of ill luck or poor judgment. As a sequel comes the information that Childs and McAleer, of the Clevelands, are heavy losers on the late presidential election. Both backed Mr. Harrison to win, and of course both dropped largely from their hard earned salary. The only player I have heard of who backed Cleveland was Anson. On his last visit to Cincinnati he took the short end of a $100 to $75 bet on the result. Uncle Adrian is a Democrat as well as a game sport. He has his convictions on almost every subject, and is always willing to back them with cash and suits of clothes.

O. P. CAYLOR.

Mr. Gladstone's Recollections.

Mr. Gladstone's speech at Barmouth recalls an occasional house of commons' manner in former epochs when private members still had Tuesday and Friday nights in which to call attention to miscellaneous matters. It now and then happened, says the London correspondent of the Sheffield Independent, that Mr. Gladstone, chancing to be present, was drawn into the controversy. If politics were not involved, he, leaning his elbow on the brass bound box by the table and talking in low, conversational voice, recalled memories of other times, members of both sides of the house sitting entranced. It was this kind of speech he delivered at Barmouth, one evidently unpremeditated and full of the charm of friendly conversation. The nurse who made the bold statement about the re-enforcements sent to the British army by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn in the Waterloo year evidently created a profound impression in the nursery.

Mr. Gladstone once told an even more astonishing story about what must be the same person. Talking of his residence at his father's house in Rodney street, Liverpool, mention was made of the time when Canning stood for that borough against Brougham. Canning and his colleague won the day, and afterward were chaired and carried in procession through the streets to Mr. John Gladstone's house, from the balcony of which Canning addressed the electors. Mr. Gladstone said he had no recollection of the event—which, considering he was three years old at the time, was a pardonable omission—but he could quite distinctly recall the pattern of his nurse's dress as he held her hand and looked on from a window of his father's house at a great crowd in the street below. This was in all probability the gathering which chaired Canning after the Liverpool election of eighty years ago.

AN ALL ROUND PLAYER.

John J. Doyle, Catcher and Second Baseman of the New York Team.

John J. Doyle, though not a new player in League company, made his reputation during the last half of the season just ended.

He first played professionally at Lynn, Mass., as far back as 1888. The next year found him a member of the Tristate league club at Canton, O., which sold his release to the Columbus American Associa-

JOHN J. DOYLE.

tion club the same year. He remained in Columbus till the spring of 1891, and then, when the Association seceded from the national agreement compact, the Cleveland National League club captured him.

Last year Zimmer made his great record as a constant catcher for the Clevelands, and thus Doyle had little chance to distinguish himself. This year Zimmer was once more a daily fixture behind the bat for his club, and again Doyle found no opening. He was too good a player to sit on the bench, and he began to chafe at inactivity. The Cleveland club officials concluded he was too valuable a player to be kept idle and yielded to the earnest request of the New Yorks to release him.

He joined the New Yorks and at once jumped into public favor. Doyle's first work on the latter team was in his regular position as catcher. Burke's failure at second base and the release of Bassett, however, made it necessary to try him in that difficult position. He remained there to the end of the season and did satisfactory work.

WORK A WOMAN HAS DONE.

Lucy Stone's Career as an Advocate of Female Suffrage.

Now and then an old newspaper reader comes on a paragraph mentioning Lucy Stone as an active woman of affairs, and is surprised accordingly, for he had some how gotten the idea that she was old in the forties, and would therefore, if alive, be a centenarian now. She only seemed old then because she was prominent as the pioneer woman suffragist. She was born in 1818 on a farm in West Brookfield, Mass.

LUCY STONE.

Those interested in the question of prenatal influences have often quoted her mother's expression: "Oh, dear, I am so sorry it is a girl! A woman's life is so hard." Lucy had as much spirit as her mother could have wished in a boy, yet was a very lovable child, as she has always been and still is a very pleasant, attractive and wholly womanly woman. When she wanted to go to college her father asked, "Is she crazy?" So she picked berries and nuts for money to buy books and taught school till she was twenty-five, at the low rates then prevailing, before she had money enough to go to Oberlin, the only college that would then receive her.

There she lived with extreme economy, completed a four years' course and was graduated in 1847. She was honored with the appointment to write a commencement essay, but refused because she was not allowed to read it herself. Such was then the college law that women could not appear on the platform. The same year her first lecture on woman's rights was made from the pulpit of her brother's church in Gardner, Mass., and for many a year she was the most noted and almost the only woman advocate thereof. Mrs. Livermore and Miss Susan B. Anthony gratefully acknowledged that she gave them their first impulse in that direction. In this line she excited only curiosity, but when she went to preaching abolitionism there was danger also.

She charmed many a mob by her gentle dignity and eloquence. Many laughable stories are told of protesting committees or individuals who rushed into her presence expecting to find a tall and angular, rawboned and fierce looking virago, and were amazed into silence by what they did see. In 1855 she married Henry B. Blackwell after a long search for a minister who would perform the ceremony without the "obey" or other phrases of self negation. The minister who did marry them is now known as Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The rest of her work is well known. She and her husband live in Dorchester, near Boston, and their married life has been unusually happy.

The "Dead Broke" Cyclist.

Harry Hilliard Wylie recently pedaled into Chicago with tattered clothes and a generally tired look, having won $2,000 for a friend and $1,000 for himself by riding from New York to Chicago "dead broke." A one cent piece was put into his pocket, and he was required to exhibit the coin at the end of his journey, which, by the terms of the agreement, he was to accomplish within three weeks. He was not permitted to pay or promise to pay for anything, and he was to use no deception to obtain food or lodging for himself or repairs for his machine should accident make any necessary. Wylie of course met with some reverses and had a few unpleasant experiences, but on the whole the trip was rather a pleasant one, and in most of the towns along the route Wylie was royally entertained.

H. H. WYLIE.